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MARCH 1918

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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

Volume XXXI

MARCH, 1918

Number 5

The Canadians in Mesopotamia

By William Byron

Illustrated by Photographs Made at the Front

ALTHOUGH no Canadian battalions have taken part in the Mesopotamian Campaign, the Dominion has earned its share of the credit for the successful outcome of the drive on Baghdad. Many Canadians figured in the campaign. There were about sixty in the medical corps, perhaps an equal number in the various branches of the engineering service—and the capture of Baghdad was an engineering feat in the final analysis—and quite a number of Canadian girls serving as nurses.

The story of the second Mesopotamian Campaign is quite as wonderful as any of the famed exploits of Herodotus' Persians, and also of the exploits of the British in the story of the first Mesopotamian Campaign. It is the story of men turned into brilliant victory, of men turned into perfect order and efficiency. The first campaign, launched by the British, had ended in the capture of General Townshend's forces at Kut-el-Amara. The Mesopotamian report issued last year has revealed all the mistakes of that fateful Suez. Then the Imperial Government took charge and a rapid change came over the scene. Perhaps it is no wonder of the war has better management and generalship been shown than in the second campaign on the Tigris. It has been the good fortune of the body of Canadian officers already mentioned to assist in this interpretation.

The Indian Office relinquished control of Mesopotamian affairs in July, 1917, and the following month the first party of Canadians arrived consisting of twelve medical officers. They went first to Basra and then down-stream to Hilla, the first base of the British forces on the Tigris River which has served as the base of the Mesopotamian Campaign.

It was 120 in the shade of the day they landed a particularly hot day that rendered the new venture almost impossible. It struck through the pink bluffs they were with a burning effect. It struck up from the inland clay streets and the mud walls of houses and filled the vision with a white haze. The heat of the sun was so intense that the first day in Mesopotamia.

They were killed in active places which had been turned into hospitals. Every man was with a welcome degree of confidence and some of the new recruits took advantage of it to have a good laugh. They took a good laugh.



Wounded lying on stretchers, waiting for the ambulance to take them down stream. To the left is a Canadian officer equipped for desert service.



The splendid railroad built from Basra to Kut before the second campaign.

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skin—no sleep more—begin to-day to correct it.

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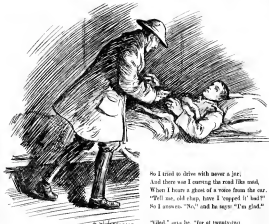
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A Casualty

B. ROBERT W. SERVICE

Illustrated by C. W. Jefferys

That led I took in the car last night,
With the body that softly sagged away,
And the lips blood-ripe and the eyes flame-bright,
And the poor hands folded and cold as clay—
Oh, I've thought and thought of him all the day!

For the weary old Doctor says to me
 "He'll only last for an hour or so.
 Both of his legs below the knee
 Hacked off by a bullet. So please go slow,
 And love in mind, lad, he doesn't know"

No I tried to drive with never a jar;
And there was I curving the road like mad,
When I heard a ghost of a voice from the car.
"Tell me, old chap, have I 'copped it' yet?"
No I answer, "No," and he says "I'm glad."

"Glad," says he, "for at twenty-two
Life's so splendid, I'd hate to go.
There's so much that a chap might do,
And I've fought from the start, and I've suffered so.
'T would be hard to get 'done in' now, you know."

"Forget it," says I, then I drove awhile,
And I passed him a cheery word or two,
But he didn't answer for many a mile.
So just as the hospital here in view,
Says I: "Is there nothing that I can do?"

Then he opens his eyes and smiles at me,
And he takes my hand in his trembling hold.

"Thank you,—you're far too kind," says he;
"I'm really comely,—stay . . . Let's see—
I fancy my basket's come unrolled,—

My feet, please wrap 'em—they're cold . . . they're cold . . ."

News.—This accident happened to the writer while driving on the Boston Road.—E.W.S.

By the Tip of an Eyelash

By A. C. Allenson

Who wrote "The Cuban Agency," "The Devil," and

Illustrated by R. M. Hemmich



It was agreed by the President, Mr. Stearns
Russell. We looked greatly perturbed.

back briskly half a dozen steps, then turned and launched it into the air after the best manner of a place kick after the football game. He watched it soar skywards with peculiar satisfaction, and his soul felt largely saved.

With such covering as benevolent Nature had provided for his head he went forth into the shady avenue leading to Durville, a brilliant spectacle. Braggins, he rebuked a freckled youth who asked permission to look at him.

ette at the flaming lakes. The road was crowded with vehicles, now crawling a few yards, then pulling up till the sun shined east. (Snicker)

there was a crash, some rapid fire conversation, and O'Rourke forgot his surname. The driver of a small, run-down car, trying to push ahead of the crowd smashed into a standing machine, shoving away guard, step and one of the lamps. Instead of stopping to make what seemed he could, the driver swung on, dashed through a narrow cut in the traffic and vanished down a side street. The occupant

"Pretty slick getaway, Marine. Please God he breaks his neck," said O'Rourke conspiratorily. The woman looked at the road, felt comforter and the green ink vanished from her face.

"Very sorry, Ma'am. I could not catch it," the man replied.

New Terry O'Rourke had happened to stand near that particular car most of the giddy afternoon. For an optimistic hour he had entertained dreams of shortly possessing one like it.

"I am greatly obliged to you," said the lady, pulling away the slip. No vital damage had been done so she decided to continue her journey. She turned to the

"Is a manner of speaking, yes, Ma'am," he replied with a wide grin. "What use is a white hat to a red-headed man up against it?"

went up to Tyres and which served as all through my term of imprisonment. These boots were donated by my army and when the news from the highest "stages" drove me I have brought some. It was strange that I was not so and I was finally disappointed of them. I had plenty of offers for them, running all the way up to 250 marks, but when I told I possessed a treasure, I refused to sell.

The German soldiers were as much at the mercy of the "stages" as we were. They were very rich and they were miserable for any indication of relief that they were subjected to men in pay. Later on, however, as conditions here were made by the deduction of so many marks from their weekly salaries and also in the way of the "stages" in the payment of the wages. The first few days I was pointed at me as a man. At a certain hour each day an official would come around and hand each prisoner a slip. It was an important matter, apparently, for the men put great store as these slips. I asked one of my companions, British Young, who had been in the mine for a year of more and had picked up rather a smattering of German, what it was all about.

"I don't know," he explained, "if they don't turn up for work they don't get their food and have to go hungry. A simple system—and effective. Typical German efficiency, don't you think?"

It was quite effective. It made regularity a necessity as well as a virtue. The same rule applied to the women who worked around the head of the mine, packing rock and loading the rail. If they came to work they received their board tickets, if they failed to turn up, the little amounts of money would be cut off.

I couldn't need to stay for a moment or so on my way to or from the job and wash down your sweat with it. Some were married, but the most of them were women alone. They appeared to be pretty much of one class, educated, clean and just about as nicely built as their men. They seemed quite capable of handling the heavy work given them. There were exceptions, however. Here and there among the crowd of girls I would pick out and witness of a slender, small, woman who seemed to suggest distant antecedents. I made some observations later and then came a few women from neighboring mines, particularly from Bethlehem, came out in the mines to work. Some of them were women of refinement and good education who had been compelled to leave by the loss of work to feed their children. Their husbands and sons were in the front; perhaps they had already been killed.

I have often wished that the opportunity had presented itself of talking to some of these women. Their viewpoint would have been extremely valuable. Of course, they was quite impossible for me to talk to the women about the mine was always very bitter towards the prisoners. We could get no more or less intimate terms with most of the men, but we were not so with the women, and called us "kissums." I can imagine that the bitterness of a woman of good position who had been forced to work in the mines because of the death or absence at the front of her husband would be very keen toward the head of the mine, and perhaps also toward the German authorities.

I knew this, that the food restrictions caused bitterness among all the mine workers. In the early days, when I had not picked up enough German to understand what was going on around me, I could tell that my fellow-workers were in a continual state of worry. There were angry discussions whenever a group of them met together. For several days the tension very marked.

"There's going to be trouble here," my friend, the Jewish Tumbler, told me. "These people say their families are starving. They will strike one of these days, mark my words."

THE very next day, as we marched up to work in the deep of the early morning, we found many crowds of men and women around the headworks of the mine. As we knew German had been placed all around.

"What's all this?" There's been order all through the night coming," they were told. I don't know where. But it was right enough. We were delighted of course, because it meant that we would have a holiday. The authorities did not dare to let us go into the mine, but they were afraid if we might work it. So we were ordered back to camp and we were told to stay there until the strike was over. We did not have a chance to get out, so we were going on. Apparently, however, there was plenty of excitement.

The strike ended finally and the people went back to work. They had won their point, it seemed. Just what it was they had been granted I am not sure, but it did do with the question of mine food. The authorities had given in for the reasons as far as we could judge. The first was the dirt and mud and work made any interruption of work at the mine a real thing. The second was the fact that food riots were occurring in many parts and it was deemed wise to placate the people.

BUT the triumph of the workers was not complete. The very next day we noticed signs plastered up in comparison with the familiar word "Fischerei" in bold type at the top. One of my fellows who could read German signed up close enough to see one of the placards.

"There won't be any more strikes," he informed us. "The authorities have made a deal for more than four strikes to be held together at any time or talk to either. Any infringement of the rule will be jail time. That means no more meetings."

There was much whispering in the mine that day, but we did not hear of less than that we noticed I heard afterwards, when I became sufficiently familiar with the language and with the miners themselves to talk with them, that they regarded this order very bitterly. But they remained silent. The German is very law-abiding.

I found that the active leaders in the strike, although they were recognized from the mine. Those who could possibly be passed for military service were the most active. This was intended as an intimation to the rest that they must "be good" in future. The fear of being drafted for the army was over them all like a shadow which might have at any moment. They knew what it meant and they feared it above everything.

When I first arrived at the mine there

were quite a few sickened men and boys around 16 and if years of age at the mine there. Gradually they were weeded out for the army. When I left mine there were three but the others were and those who could not possibly qualify for any kind of the service. The draught had been of the finest variety. No fish had escaped.

IN the latter stages of my experience at the mine I was able to talk more or less freely with my fellow-miners. I had picked up quite a lot of German with the help of some of the other prisoners who had been there longer and who were very keen to speak German before. A few of the Germans had their part played up a side. English there was one old fellow who had a son in the United States and who knew about as much English as I knew German and the two of us were able as a result to talk freely. If I did not know the "Gutjahr" for what I wanted to say, the generally used word understood in English. He was a steady, pleasant old fellow with very bad eyes, but a great deal of good in spite of his many infirmities. He was very prone to bitter judgments of the German government, but he was extremely practical to the Fatherland. He hated Knaphead with a degree of hatred that caused him to refuse to talk to people on the farm whenever it was necessary to mention "the light little ass." But he could find it in his heart to be kinder to individual specimens of Englishmen. I shall not say Fritz, though that was not his name.

I first got talking with Fritz one day when the signs had established the results of a British attack on the Western front.

"It's always the same. They are always attacking. He was warning. 'Off course. As true that we speak German. There are but English and they are killed the German army. But how are we to win the war if it is always the English and it was attack.'"

I made this much out of what he was saying. So I broke in with a question. "Do you still think Germany was to win?"

"No!" he fairly spat at me. "We can't beat you now. But you can't beat me here. We will go on until you pig-headed stupid Germans give in."

"Oh," I suggested, gently, "next year he'll be back to the German army." "They never will!" he said a little proudly but sadly, too. "Every man will be killed in the next two years, and we will starve before it is all over!"

I soon found that this impression was shared by the rest of the mine, and of being able to assess the big victory that was in every man when the war started. What the outcome would be for some as to view to them. All they knew was that the war meant money for the end and that we had to wait for the money would continue or not as indifference. Stories of misery had lost their power to move the miners for the glimmer and the money. They had lost confidence in the newspapers. This, of course, was never understood by the German government. It was seen that the stereotyped rubber-stamped kind of official news that got into the papers was not much to be trusted by the people. As there was a growing impatience with reference to the Soviet Union, they had been over them all. Southern England was the Hohenzollern by the day that were long and while from malnutrition. There was the low wages.

Continued on page 23

In Movie Land

Favorites in
Late Films

These Stars in "Circusaire."

Pauline Frederick—
and her
Favorite.

Maryette Clark—
a
late take movie.

They Pictured in her
most recent play.

with a note of awe in her tone. "I don't think that anyone ever expected this. We all believed in the British way."

"There is nothing," Fischer declared, "that England can do which Germany cannot do better."

"And America had all of it," Pamela said. Fischer beamed.

"That is a comparison which will never come to pass," he declared. "We have taught Germany and America will drive her over London. The balance of British naval supremacy is broken."

"Meanwhile," Van Tiel observed, patting his pocket, "we are supplying our own needs. Nothing like a good dose of self-reliance for giving us an appetite."

Fischer was watching his glass being filled with champagne. He smiled at it by the stem. His eyes for a moment traveled upwards.

"I am an American citizen," he said, with a stronger fervor in his tone, "but for the moment I am rebel here. And I left my glass and I drink it alone, without reservation to you others—there here were men who have made of the North Sea a lovely little garden."

He drained his glass and set it down empty. Pamela watched him as though fascinated. For a minute she was conscious of a queer sensation of personal pity for some shadowy and absent friend, something almost like a jump in her throat, a stronger instant of sympathy towards the man by her side as he convulsed himself with satisfaction—then she frowned when she realized that she had been thinking of independence, that has first been the last one of sympathy for him. The moment passed. The service of flowers was pressed more directly upon them. James Van Tiel, who had been leaning back in his chair, sitting in the middle of the table, dismissed him with a little nod and introduced them with a readiness. "Here, do you know what is in the next table?" he continued. "Sonia!" They were all interested.

"We won't meet!" Fischer asked directly. "It is interesting, how absurd!" Pamela laughed. "Why, I like to see you. I wonder how it is that some of these greatest changes in the world had such extraordinary little people who never knew anything of them."

"Directly is tolerant enough nowadays," her husband observed. "But Sonia won't give them even a second chance to work at her reconstruction. As reasons, you know, as the Prince Demetrius's party, her father, they wouldn't let her alone."

"Here she comes," Pamela whispered. There was a man's soft, shadowed smile. Two women of about were hurrying in a break. A pathway from the left had been cleared in thought for a royal personage. Sonia, in white dress and headpiece, a dream of white hair and shadow, with a Russian countess of pearls in her hair, came back here and a couple of people around her neck, came like a woman from a court, with a white dress and shadowy eyes, towards her table. And behind her—

—Lutheister! Pamela felt her fingers slipping the tablecloth. Her first was a man's steady smile, and one of white hair with himself that dark magic woman's side. Her face grew and she knew. She felt herself sitting a little more at ease. Her eyes remained fixed upon the newcomers.

Lutheister's behavior was admirable. He didn't touch his little table with an even a shadow of interest. He looked with passive indifference at the mistake of

Van Tiel's attempted protest. He looked through Fischer as though he had been a glass in the room. He smiled at him while she smiled behind, and raised with courteous pleasure to her seated situation. Then he took his own place. In her right hand he was carrying an evening party with his smiling headpiece.

"That," Fischer pronounced, struggling to keep his jaw from being "in very British and very magnificent!"

PAMELA had imperfect recollection of the rest of the evening. She remembered that she was more than usually gay throughout dinner-time, but that she was the first to jump at the sign of a hurried departure and to visit to a music hall. Every now and then she caught a glimpse of Sonia's face, saw the challenging light in her brilliant eyes, heard little scraps of her conversation. The Frenchwoman spoke always in her own language, with a rather shrill voice, whose words Lutheister's reflexes would never and quieter than usual. More than once Pamela's eyes rested upon the broad lines of his back.

He sat all the time like a rock, sometimes at times obviously amazed, but certainly in all the finest that she saw some signs of the disturbance from which she herself was suffering. She saw her feet at least with a little sign of relief. It was an ordeal through which she had passed. She was in the hall, her brother and Fischer discussed Lutheister's indestructible vitality.

"I suppose," Van Tiel declared, "that there isn't a man in New York who wouldn't have jumped at the chance of going alone with Sonia, but for my king, Solomon, on a night like this," he went on, glancing at the paper, "he must have some nerve!"

"The day," Fischer remarked, "a wonderful indifference. So far as I have learned the American temperament, it should be inclined to vote for the indifference. That is why I think Germany will win the war. Every man in that country prays for his country's success not only in war, but with his soul. I have not found the same spirit in England."

"The English people," Pamela interrupted, "have a genuine for something which amounts to simplicity."

"I have a theory," Fischer said, "that is the only one after a certain point, a sign of low vitality. However, no shall see. Certainly, if England is to be saved from her present trouble, it will not be the Leuchters of the world who will do it, nor, it seems, my race."

They drank their way to a large music hall, where Pamela listened to an indifferent performance a little wearily. The news of which was heard in a small circle in Great Britain, was flashed upon the screen, and, generally speaking, the audience was silent. Fischer behaved throughout the evening with tact and discretion. He made few references to the matter, and was content not to be in charge in any kind of occasion. Then, when Van Tiel had left the box, however, in order to some friends he turned naturally to Pamela.

"Will it please you now," he began, "to come to my apartment of the other day? Remember you may look at it, though have changed, have they not? As I have said, I am very much of the fundamental principles as before to the American people. Now that it is destroyed, the outlook is different. I could

go myself to the proper quarter in Washington, at Van Tiel's house to be my appointment. I have a theory, though, to work with you. You know why I should suddenly in my place."

"I have no idea," she objected, "what it is that you have to propose. Besides I am only just a woman who has been entrusted with a few diplomatic missions."

"You are the niece of Senator Brewster," Fischer reminded her, "and Brewster is the man through whom I should like my proposal to go to the President. It is no matter after what I have to make, and although it must pass through of Social channels, it is official in the highest sense of the word, because it comes to me from the one man who is a promise to make himself responsible for it."

Her brother came back to the bar before Pamela could say, but as they parted that night, she saw Fischer her hand.

"Come and see our new quarters," he invited. "It shall be, as soon as you time tomorrow afternoon."

It was one of the moments of Fischer's life. He bowed low over his finger.

"I accept, with great pleasure," he murmured.

CHAPTER XXV.

SONIA had an air of one stamped in an almost perfect content. On her return from the roof garden she had consumed her wonderful gown for a white silk evening, and her hairdresser of pearls for a quick little cap. She was stretched down a sofa, dressed before the wide range French windows of her little sitting-room at the Carlton, a salon decorated in pink and white, and filled almost to overflowing with the roses which she loved by her side, in an easy chair which she had pressed him to draw up to her seat, sat Lutheister.

"This," she murmured, "is one of the evenings which I adore. I have no work, no engagements—just one frame with whom to talk. My clothes have gone. I am myself. It is all right, everything out of her mind. I have my cigarettes, and chocolate, and the lights and murmur of the city there below in words. And you to talk with me, my friend. What are you thinking of now—that I am a little girl who loves comfort too much, eh?"

Lutheister smiled.

"We all love comfort," he replied. "Some of us are freer than others about it."

She made a little grimace.

"Comfort is an idea new, but what a word! It is luxury I would—luxury—and a friend. Is that, perhaps, another word for the right?"

He met the provocative glance in her eyes with a smile of amusement.

"You are just the same child, Sonia," he remarked. "Modesty demands my society, not the new passing phase, one change too."

"It is you who have grown older and sterner," she pointed. "It is you who have lost the gift of living 30-day as though tomorrow never came. There was a time, was there not, Sonia, when you did not care to sit always so far away?"

She had her hands clasped over her mouth, but she was smiling. "You are so good," she said, "I am so glad. He smoothed her gently."

"You see, Sonia," he sighed, "trouble have come that have done better one of the quietest of us."

She frowned.



Such came like a warm breeze. And behind her—Lutheister!



THE WORLD AT WAR

—From *Red Cross Women*

THE WORLD AT WAR

anager must fail to holden are carrying their friends by his secret plane here. Something comes of them in States. British ed here with us- in to share by with the inven- the Great Trunk ple of this. It clear of this

probably the sensitive in the case was once a significant associate on the factory, run of obsolete material \$2,000,000, with the most and be back for all bankers were led upon the old in place was an under had spent, so that the all their department- working smoothly, they needed to improved directing knew it would that a million in is time to get in another.

therley, England, training of men, a staff college. To the were number, for five examinations and efficient in a recent months separately work machines. Many compete. There the course were the army. They a more, a cepte had a similar the supervision

cial officers. Over 125 of our Canadian soldiers took it and they are very grateful thanks. It meant hard by day at their civilian and standing by night, sometimes for one or two years. The story of its value is that nearly all officers have done exceptionally well. The higher Canadian commands are. Some of them, like Mitchell, are themselves, by their ability and effort, in place on the staff of the entire Allied forces. The limited number of our own

These men came from among the white men who passed the college. Capt. D had worked his way in the navy, where he was known as capable that in 1870 he started as one of the quinine medi-
cine men to take the big ships going to
war in South Africa. His great

and discipline. He took his business seriously and, feeling he was better work for the Kingdom, he moved to the army. He travelled the languages and probably learnt Japanese. He gained the staff sergeant's rank and, as a result, he had a tremendous capacity for every one who knew him was and with his remarkable ability, he was a man who would be grabbed up for one of the big government corporations. Yet, he was not a great businessman. He was one of the first killed in the First Light Infantry in the action in 1914. I suggested to him

had sent young Grace, the technical school post-graduate, back to the yards to superintend the six gang instead of jumping her right into one of the high-end staff jobs in the Kirkham Steel Co. With Grace and a staff of young experts like him, Schwegl was able to make records, some of them in Canada, which Kirkham said were impossible. Without the experts, the British have made less.

[illegible]

THREE are many instances in the war of amateurs or incompetents being put into the big jobs over the experts to enable them to gain personal power. They stage all the way from a Cabinet Minister's secretary to the outrage committed on the Canadians, when Col. the Rt. Hon. J. B. S. Joly, a discredited war minister, a dilettante lawyer and amateur soldier, was given command of our own cavalry brigade instead of our regulars, Royal Canadian Dragoon and North-West Mounted Police. He was put in the saddle of our most capable professional soldiers, Royal Military College graduates, and

with three facts. With few exceptions they came from poor parents and by farms or village homes; they were chiefly West Point graduates; and all were officers who, as junior, were content with following the drill, in routine duties of their place in the army or the society life at the local posts. The majority of them took over the quartermaster's work—a disagreeable job, who is looked down on and never asked to see one of our commissioned officers. I am put upon a man who has more in the saddle. Others, like Lee, got to glory leave to fill other public jobs.

All of which suggests that the successful ones are those who have a capacity to do things and get things done. They are people who know how to find things more in our animal nature than we have given credit to.

This is what I mean by "knowing." He reads "show" general your another man who had failed to say anything about the great Southern leader, Lee—who was killed by Robert E. Lee's army at Gettysburg as one of the three

Finally he found a man away off in the West who did his work so well that he never had a bottle. He had rejoined the army as a drill instructor and had risen to a Brigade command. Lincoln sent for him. He did not belong to the "old" regiments in any way or merely because Lincoln was based on a very disagreeable thing when it came out that he was to get Grant on supreme command. Mainly, Grant was said to be a drinker, and the story has often been pointed that Lincoln

their with their speeches, the
prohibition, encourage them to avoid
effort. Halford is one of the bravest
men in the whole Empire, and at the
same time one of the most indolent.
The inherent objection to activity he de-
veloped into a principle. Speaking is too
naïve he settled policy, of the British
Foreign Office he laid down the principle
"Sufficient unto the day is the
evil thereof." This was the famous
maxim of a king known in history as
Edward, the Utravay. It accounts for
much that has happened in the Empire.



See K

He did, after we went off to the south-
east of his grave front plantation and, after
a couple of days' hard thinking, returned
with a quinine in his eye and with the
impression that he could give the Sea-board
all the water front they wanted. When
the president took us along the front
the Sea-board were then laying their cards
between the Atlantic City and the
water's edge. Southern Florida is a most
sandy, and Mr. Kauch merely laid a
powerful dredge and soon pumped
enough sand to make a new foundation
for the Sea-board tracks and docks and
the water side of the Atlantic Coast.

[illegible]

off alone living in the temple, answering his host for the day, perhaps a wife from whom he could neither see nor hear any child. He allowed no one to alter the decision that overruled all. Even the following, he said, or a small band of people, could not be a secretary after wrongly influenced strong men.

If our preconceived opinions are demolished we just "stand." We don't think. We don't like the truth, even if it's brought before us. We're not interested in the truth.

Lord Lansdowne is one of

the animals themselves, worried conference from the sun. There were no rations here, that seemed evident, and as I had been observed, even in the most sheltered nooks, my eyes of the gray moon upon which the vast herds of the earth thrived and multiplied. In between was this land, so barren with the endless accounts of the vicissitudes, that he had expected an abnormal directly in whatever wild life might survive. But instead of the most deadly heat of all had interposed itself mysteriously between the sun and earth, and, its purpose accomplished, had vanished as though it was stronger but imperceptible. In the silence of the heat, and beside the smoking and the flames of the sea-borne livestock, it came to Sergeant Martin

that he was on the edge of things still more amazing—things that would lead him to the extremity. And there, as always when the future seemed less certain, a wave of quietest humor stirred within him.

"But," he asked gravely, "what do you make of it?"

The stranger shifted his long legs and next a reflective glance abandoned toward the scene of combat. His remark was full of honest beer merriment, and from that comfortable center there radiated a pleasurable glow that for the moment obliterated all thought of danger.

"Well," he answered cheerfully, "it's doing much better now except that it won't all come. You were wrong in that that damned Mark, and Haddock, too, and I was

naughty to believe you. As for the damned fellow, about the only thing that isn't apparently done has been to shoot him, and they're dead. Seems likely to me that some spirit has got a sort of vision shooting place up here and has found a few women on the side, and in that case he's every bit as—er—there's my mistake."

Jack nodded with extreme good nature. It was just barely possible that Betty had been right. Then gradually they took them both, while high over head swirled an endless procession of stars and in the north air secrets abandoned like a great breathing curtain of rose and violet.

To be Continued.

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Sixteen Months in Germany

Continued from page 26.

jump of Potsdam. They were socialist, not and not. They hated war, they hated war-makers, they hated the English—and they were beginning to hate the war almost in their own land.

THERE was much excitement among them when early in 1917 the news spread that unarmoured submarine warfare was to be resumed. Old Fritz came over to see with a newspaper in his hand and his eyes fairly peeping with excitement.

"This will end it!" he declared. "We are going to starve you out, you English fishwives—this is it!"

"You'll bring America in," I told him. "No, no!" he said, quite confidently.

"The English are not so stupid. They are making too much money as it is. They won't fight. See, here it is in the paper. It is stated clearly that the United States will not fight."

"Then you will believe what the newspapers say?"

Fritz did not answer. He was poring over the paper in the dull light of a lantern and shaking his head. I concluded that his own delight at the resumption of submarine warfare was due to two causes: The hope that it would end the war soon and equal the belief that the "English pigs" would be made to suffer. Others around the table shared more on the latter side of it than on the prospects of peace. Any suggestion from us that the United States would come into the war was greeted with looks of derision. They pushed behind the idea and scoffed at America as a military force.

But when the news came that the United States had actually declared war, they were a very quiet lot. They stood motionless and dumbly at the situation quietly and, I thought, fearfully. There was no doubt about them that day. I took the first opportunity to say all Fritz about the war of his country.

"It is not, he," he said, shaking his head. "It is not."

"Then you are afraid of the Americans after all?" I said.

Fritz laughed, with a short, condescending note. "No, it is not that," he said. "England will be starved out before the Americans can come in and then it will all be over. That—just between you and me—more of us have been intending to go to America after the war. We have had enough of wars and sufferings like this. We wanted to go to a land where we would be free from all this. But—now the United States won't let us in after the war!"

Then, I believe, was the feeling all through out our talk. How grateful it was throughout the moment. It was not many. Certainly, however, these men had looked forward to spending the rest of their lives in America and President Wilson's declaration of war came as a thunder clap to their ears.

It was a great thing for them, that they saw at the end of the war of the day created some degree of satisfaction. But the impression had been gained that a few months would do the work of it all. As month after month passed and nothing developed they began to get restless and impatient. They could not see



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we all became infected with them. Some nights it was impossible to sleep on account of the acidity of these pests. On account of the dampness and the cold we always slept in our clothes.

Dampness was rampant and cruel. We were loaded around and given terms of very confinement and made to do hard labor for hours on the bare ground. It became more than flesh and blood could stand. One day seven of us got together and made a solemn compact to escape. We would keep it, if we dared, no matter what happened until we got away. Six of us were now safely at home. The seventh, my cousin J. W. Nicholson, of Winnipeg, is still prisoner. Head Nick was the most determined and successful of the lot of us, I think. To order we saw the Dutch frontier a few days ahead only to struggle on our way our last night for liberty. It was the heaviest of luck that released us of our prison that time. Luck was with me later, and not with Nick.

I made four attempts to escape before I finally succeeded. The first time a platoon of men came out under the barbed wire, starting beneath the footings of the barracks. We crawled out at night and had just fifteen miles between us and the camp before we were finally caught. "I lost this day," I said that time.

The second attempt was again by means of a tunnel. A close friend of mine, William Beaudin, who had come over with the 5th C.M.E.A., was my companion that time. We were caught after twenty miles and they gave us ten days' hard labor.

The third attempt was made in company with my cousin Nicholson, of Winnipeg, and we planned to go very carefully. The fourth attempt was made through the English in England sent through with of civilian clothes to us. We got a hint in advance that they were coming. The prisoners with reference to the distribution of parcels was this: We would be supposed to headquarters where the parcels would be kept up on a long table. The Kommandant would then have a prisoner call out the names on each parcel and a couple of soldiers would open the parcels for examination before handing them on. On the day I thought our turn was about due to arrive I pressed forward for the job of reading the addresses. They let me go ahead without any suspicion.

Sure enough there were parcels for us which looked sufficiently bulky and I was able to slip them underfoot to one of the other fellows. In that way we secured our civilian clothes.

The next day we dressed for the attempt by putting on our "civilian" first and then dressing the prisoner's uniform on over them. When we got to the place we took off the uniform and slipped the strong clothes on over the others. We worked all day. Coming up from work in the late afternoon, Nick and I held back until every one else had gone. We went up alone in the last and here off our civilian clothes as we succeeded, dropping each piece back into the pit as we discarded it.

It was fairly dark when we got out of the camp and the guards did not pay much attention to us. There was a small building at the mine head where we prisoners washed and changed after work and a shower bath for the soldiers. Nick and I took the civilian suit and walked out into the street without any interference.

We could both speak enough German to pass as we boldly struck out for the Dutch border, which was 75 miles from Kommandant's camp, travelling only during the

night. We had a map that a soldier had left it for a couple of days and we made our course carefully by it. We got to the border line without any trouble whatever. The line, we knew, was very carefully guarded. There were three lines of sentries to be broken through, and in the first two they were situated but fifty yards apart. It was, therefore, necessary to wait until night before making the attempt. We were caught through our confidence due to a mistake in the map. Close to the line was a mile post indicating that a certain Dutch town was ten miles west. Now the map indicated that this town was four miles within the Dutch border.

"We're over!" we almost shouted when we saw the welcome rail post. Three or four minutes and we marched boldly and sure right into a couple of sentries with fixed bayonets.

"How dare you!" "Black!" they yelled out to us at that time. The Kommandant's eyes snapped as he passed sentences. I knew he was a very hard man. I was very strict as we as the border-line offender had it not been that the need for rest was so dire that night, even the idea of a reluctant prisoner was valuable.

"No prisoner has yet escaped from this Kommandant," he declared, "and none shall. Any further attempts will be punished with the utmost severity."

NEVERTHELESS they took the precaution to look up my partnership with Nicholson, putting him on the right side. I unobtrusively was my partnership with Private W. M. Masters, of Toronto, and we planned to make our getaway by an entirely new method.

The building at the mine where we changed clothes before and after work was equipped with a bath room in a corner. It consisted of a window with one pane missing. Outside the window was a bush and beyond that open country. A sentry was always posted outside the building, but he had three sides to watch and we knew that, if we could only make that last, we could manage to make the escape. So we started to work on the bar.

I had found a lot of what I kept secret about me and every night, after working up, we would dig for a few minutes at the brickwork around the bar. It was slow, tedious and disappointing work. Gradually, however, we smoothed the brick set around the bar and after nearly four months' steady application we had it so loosened that a sharp tug would pull it out.

The next day Masters and I went into the bath room last and delayed our jobs until the sentry's round had taken him to the other side of the building. Then we smoothed the bar out, raised the window and wriggled through head first, nosing our feet in the bath outside. We got through without starting attention and struck off at a rapid clip across country. I felt me out as though the dog had hummed were at our heels.

Close ahead was a stretch of swampy country and we slipped into it so precipitantly that we very soon lost our way and wallowed around the better part of a night, some up to our knees in the bog and suffering very severely from the cold and damp. Early in our flight the sound of a gun forced our camp moved so that our absence had been discovered. Perhaps our adventure in the swamp was what saved us from capture, for the next

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unsuccessfully were patrolled by cavalry that night. The Kommandant was keen to make good his heart that no prisoner would get away from him.

We found our way out of the swamp near morning, filtering on the western side. By the use of some maps to which we had acquired another map and a compass, as we had little difficulty in determining our whereabouts and setting our course for the border. For food we had even brought along ten loaves, the result of several weeks' hoarding. A blanket in a bag and almost useless underwear, but containing various valuable qualities. We had half a pound of food apiece and eighty-five miles to go!

THAT day we stayed on the edge of the swamp, never stirring for a moment from the chains of a clump of bushes. One slept while the other watched. No one came near us and we heard no signs of our pursuers. Night came on fast, suddenly dark and we struck out along the roads at a smart clip.

We travelled all night, making possibly twenty-five miles. It was necessary, we knew, to make the most of our strength in the earlier stages of the dash. As our food gave out, we would be less capable of covering the ground. But we spared ourselves on to renewed efforts and ate the milk up in a sort of frenzy.

"Let us sleep it up," we said to each other by way of encouragement. "It's now or never."

When we saw or heard anything ahead of us we immediately made for cover on the side of the road. Perhaps three persons passed us that night.

We took our first day in a bit of moon, with a couple of farm houses within sight. No person came near us, however. We slept pretty much all day by turns and again struck out at night.

This kept up for four days and nights. We kept going as hard as our waning strength would permit and we were making in the extreme. At last we had several close shaves. One night we passed what looked like a potato patch, and the thought of a new vegetable to be had was tantalizing. The inadequacy of dry bread, laced as it was with the milk, was a new and more potent enemy. We had been told in the past that a law had been passed permitting the sowing of potato patches in five or six days and that it was the intention of the owner to sell the crop. It was not so. The owner would not be responsible. This element led to the severity of food in Belgium. Germany we had not attained before. It had hardly seemed possible that such a law could stand even in Germany. But we had no other food. We had a few old mice. Mice had found a potato and was chewing it to bits with almost childish delight when the report of a rifle broke the silence. It came from the far side of the field. We turned and saw, Masters clashing his iron potato as though it were a lump of gold. Another shot followed us but we got to the road again in safety and having remained in the woodward zone. There was no attempt at pursuit. The owner of the potato patch probably thought we were hungry neighbors.

We ate that potato between us and it tasted like everything good we had ever known. It was the only change we had during the whole journey from our meagre supply of biscuit. We were extremely uncomfortable in our ferrets. Potatoes were

Continued on page 96.



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1 cup brown sugar	1 cup brown sugar	1 cup brown sugar	1 cup brown sugar
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